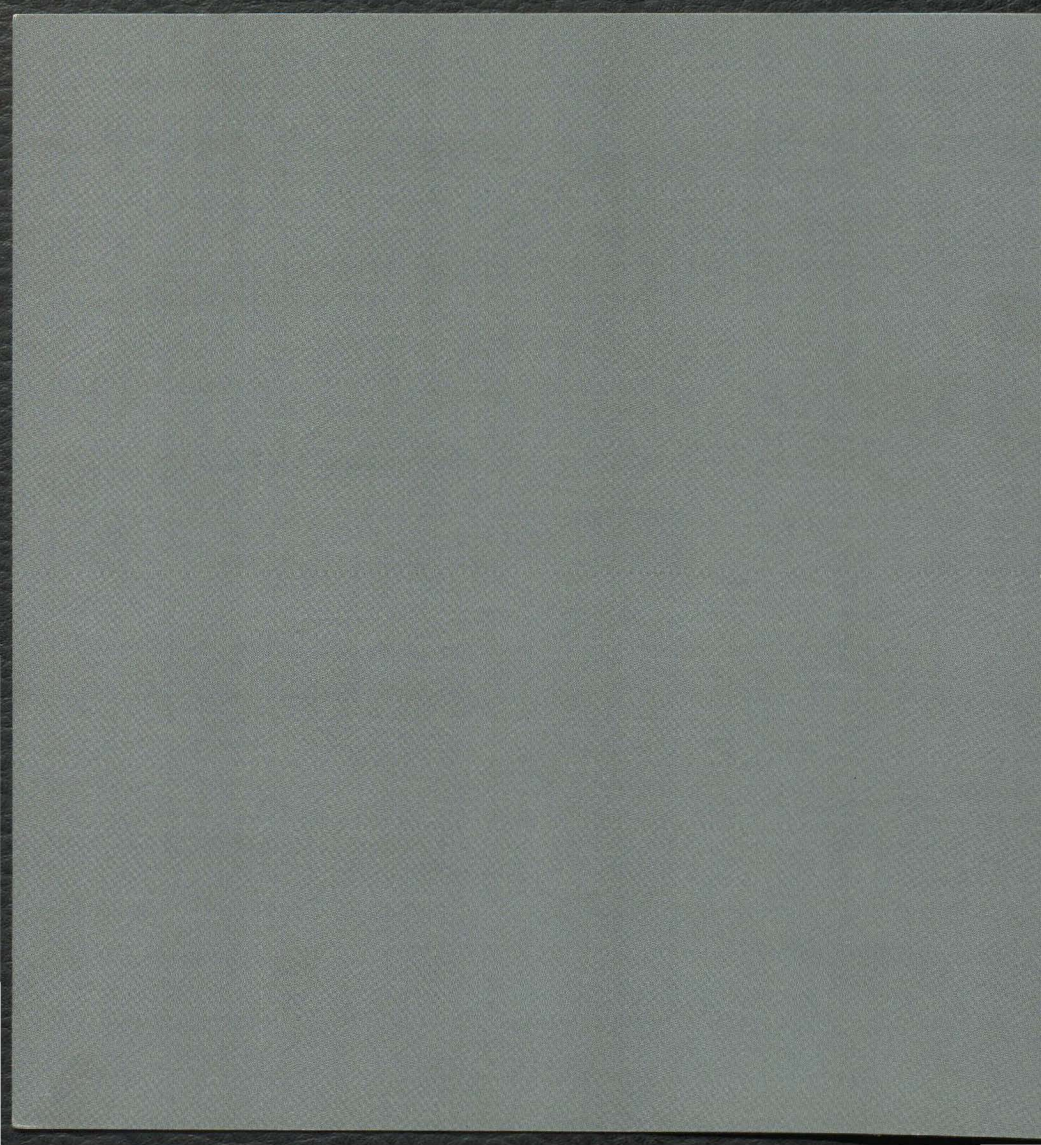


SPRING 2013
Aubade!



“You can cut all the flowers
but you cannot keep
Spring from coming.”

- Pablo Neruda

2012-2013 **Aubade Staff**

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Letter
from the
Editor

As my year as Editor-in-Chief of the Aubade ends, I would like to thank all those who made the publication of this magazine possible. Thank you to our advisor, Colin Rafferty, for his continued guidance. Thank you, English Department, for your support and the talented writers that you mold. Thank you, Finance Committee, for giving us the funds to publish.

Thank you, Aubade Staff, for coming to last minute meetings and critiquing all the submissions. Thank you, Sarah and Catherine, for all your hard work and patience. Thank you, Kelsy, for essentially being a co-EIC.

Thank you, writers and artists, for producing such amazing work and for allowing us to appreciate it along with you.

Thank you, reader. You continue to be the reason we create this magazine.

May you all find what you are looking for.

Jenna Randall
Editor-in-Chief

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An * denotes a prize-winning piece.

On the cover

by Camille Turner

I examine her: V-neck slick
blue dress, cut to accentuate
her bold breasts. Her scarlet
lipstick agrees with her
slick red fingernails.

"What every man should know
about women," the caption flaunts.

I look up, and find the lady next to me
flipping through a copy of the same issue.

I hand some money to the man
behind the stand, and continue my walk
home from work through Midtown's dirty streets.
What should every man know about me?

Can they read "I was never a virgin"
in my double-jointed pinkies?

Do the strands of my long hair spell
out my regrets? Perhaps
they see mistrust frowning
from one of my freckles.

I reassure myself that in a city
with this many people, no one
cares what my body does or doesn't tell them.
Still, I wish that the glossy woman on the cover
could tell me what I should know about me.



Untitled // Ellen White

Gretel

by Laura-Michal Balderson

Crumpled, folded, ripped,
crumbs fallen from my life
now inhabit the trashcan underneath my bed.

I toss things without thinking-
gum wrappers, receipts, fliers.
Do they lead the way home?

Slowly crumbling
behind me as I venture into the woods, adulthood.

Hints of paths promise everything
but I only know where I have been.
These crumbs show the way home,
yes, but many other places too.

Chipotle, JoAnn's, Giant.

They show who I was,
by where I have gone.

Who I am not,
by what I leave behind.

And the missing pieces are who I am.
Trash like crumbs from a child's pocket,
a map in a trashcan.



The Picemaker // Lucas Munson

the weaver

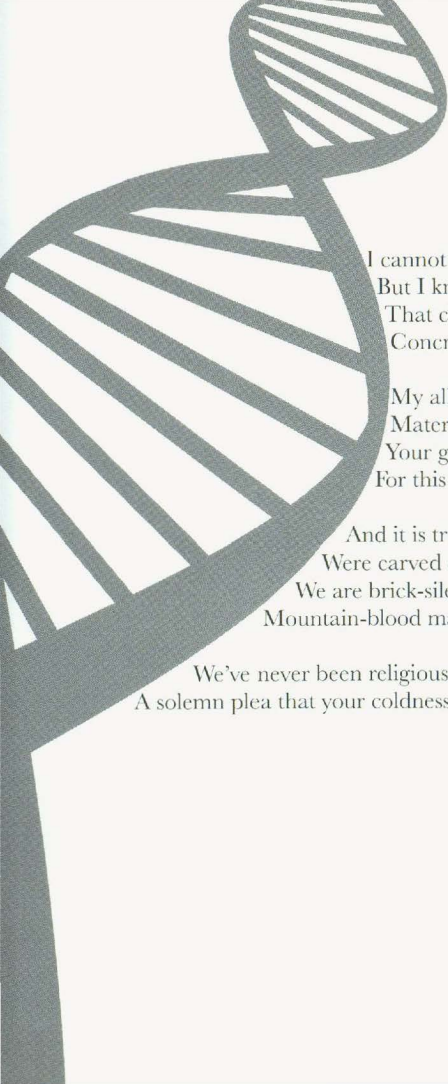
by Camille Turner

In between our road trip last fall and your
sturdy angled jaw, I slide our many
fights, braiding our life into a rope.

I tuck the times you were late behind tears
on your bare shoulder and that one anniversary
when you bought me my now favorite perfume,
honeysuckle with a drop of Tibetan rain.

I loop your thoughtlessness around sex
under stars and cold pasta salad
at the park. Day after day I wrap
and wind and twist the threads of our existence
but instead of knotting the pieces together, I have
created a noose from which I continually hang

but never die.



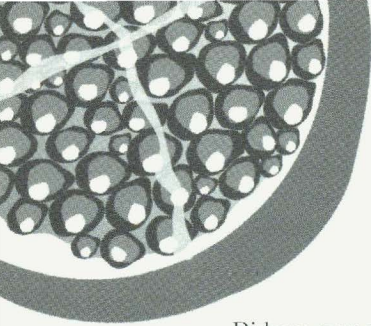
I cannot ledger for what's already begun
But I know it in my spine,
That chromosomes cannot be undone,
Concrete architecture of our design.

My alleles were writ for detail,
Materials of your mind consumed.
Your genetics in my cells prevail,
For this I wonder if I'm doomed.

And it is true that our irises
Were carved of the very same stone;
We are brick-silent in crisis,
Mountain-blood makes up the marrow of our bones.

We've never been religious, but lately I'm drawn to prayer:
A solemn plea that your coldness is not my inheritance to bear.

Deoxyribonucleic
acid
by Emily Humberson



Did you ever grow tired of the flowers,
pollen-frosted rows ripe with purpose
faithful right angles springing
ever green in their temperate season

was it in you all along,
the wild propensity for flame
smoldering embers in your ribcage
exchanging oxygen for ash

was it regret or vengeance,
the bittersweet taste that ignited your fate
crimson seeds in your delicate mouth
combusting their ruby flesh that stained like blood

sweet Persephone,
when you wandered home to mother
your dress flecked with pulp your hair wild with smoke
did you try to wash it away?

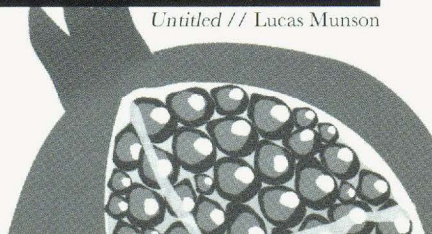
Pomegranate



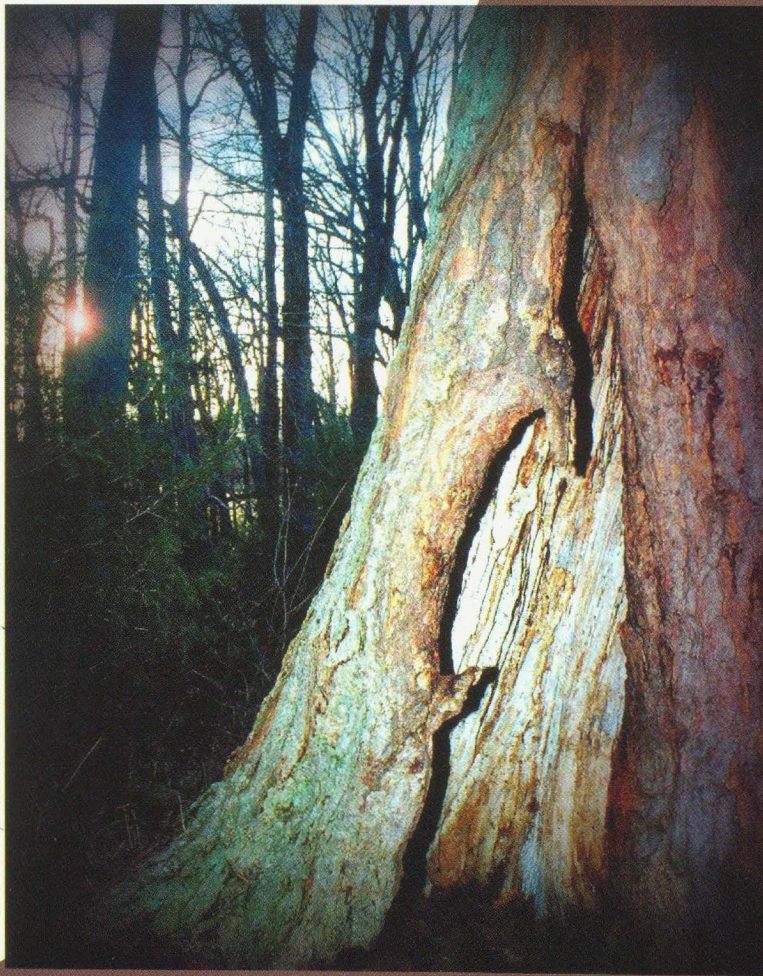
by Emily Humberson



Untitled // Lucas Munson



You See A Hole, I See a Door // Katelyn Leboff



by Emily Humberston

THE FUNERAL

Sunday afternoon, the air is pregnant with sweltering heat;
even the dogs are in the shade, but the sun will go down soon and
my mother's mare is dead.

Pairs of boots make slow procession up the sloped field,
especially lousy with ticks in August
and just as fat with groundhogs.

But I won't forget
how unlike perfumed white lilies,
how foreign to chests of sealed mahogany
running on polished brass rails:

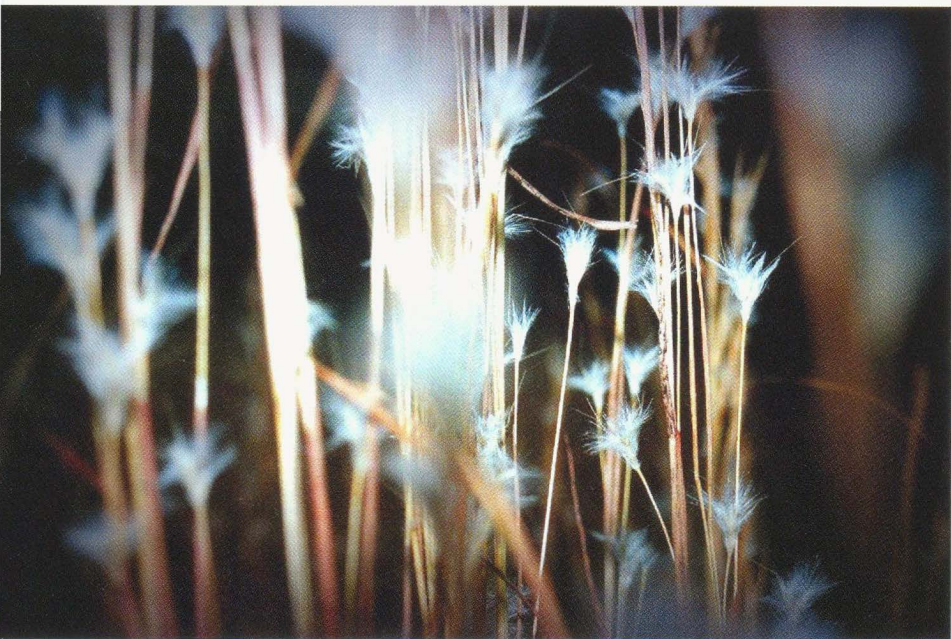
a limp grey tongue
raking the amber stubble of earth
as the tractor slowly hummed her up the hill.

desperate

Dry heat fries
birds like flautas
on the hot tin roofs
of Juárez. The noon-day
report crackles in
through the radio speakers:
A father and his son found
dead. Three new missing
persons.

From the middle mountain,
an old, sun-cracked figure
stares down on the city, her
blue cloak faded pale—
our Lady of Guadeloupe.
Why won't you help us?

by Camille Turner



Focus // Katelyn Leboff



Untitled // Ellen White

2677

by Claire Pickard

The copper wires of your beard
twitch as your eyes meet
my copy of the Manifesto.

The sun dimming just so,
I can't make out your title
that starts with "Pa"
the black gloss of soft cover
with white letters curving up.
Paris, Padua, Panties, Pangolin
Park Ave patricians passing
packs of Pabst,
pass me,
palpate and pare me,
scare me.

Is there anything more of a cliché
than missed connections in a coffee shop?
The bag with the name of an indie band I've never heard of
begs to be googled
and your blue Benz pulls away
pulling
nothing behind it.
Virginia XDG-2677
we will meet again.



Shape Shifter // Kate Leboff

Alaska, do you remember the lake the first time we saw it? The water was so smooth and so clear we could hardly believe it was real. The midsummer heat was smothering but it made us feel safe, wrapped in a blanket of warmth. I was entranced by the sunlight glinting off the freckles on the bridge of your nose. The dock was warm beneath our bare feet, and I traced the bead of sweat dripping down your back. You were mine then for the first time, at our lake, during that summer. There were no lifeguards, there was no outside life, there was just us.

It's different now, Alaska. I'm here again but for the first time you're not with me. The sun has turned its back on me, and I shiver from my seat on the worn dock. My skin no longer displays summer's warmth, but instead has faded to the paleness of winter. The water is cold and unforgiving, and the waves have stopped lapping gently at my ankles but instead crash and break. If I strain to see beneath the surface, will I see your face, Alaska? I'm being silly of course; you're exactly where I left you.

Strands of your hair are tangled around my watch. The pale gold strands looked so beautiful against your gray eyes. I remember how they looked when you told me it was over; harsh and unforgiving, not the Alaska I had loved. I pleaded with you but you wouldn't listen. My breath caught in my throat. Why couldn't you see how much you were hurting me? I thought you loved me! I couldn't breathe, I couldn't think, I just had to make you mine again.

I bend over and numbly watch the water attempt to rinse my forearms clean. Your chipped blue nails left deep scratches that bleed sluggishly even now. Why were you so harsh to me? So eager to hurt me? I gave you everything I had. I made us whole. But it's not you, it's the lake that understands, loving in the way it swirls red in its eagerness to comfort me. Maybe this is you, soothing away the pain you gave me. The cold no longer stings, but leaves a gentle, warming numbness behind. It reminds of when we would emerge shivering and dripping, giggling in the sudden chill only to lay on the dock until we were sun-baked and warm once more.

Why did I come back here, Alaska? I came back here to where it all began, to remember us for who we were. And I came back here to tell you that I forgive you, Alaska. Even though you can't say you're sorry, I know you realize that you made a mistake. And this way we can start again, now that my hands are washed clean. We will have our second summer, here at our lake with each other.//

by Alice Girton

Alaska

I'm Not Pretentious, by Klaus Wittenbern Just Self-Absorbed

When the emptiness grows large enough, it will try to claw its way out. One moment, you're sitting in a puddle of Doritos crumbs and grieving an innocence which in many ways you still possess, and you just pick up a pen. Maybe, wallowing is suddenly no longer enough. O Fortuna has been playing on repeat for the last twenty minutes, and your roommate just asked you to do the dishes with a tentativeness that would suggest the approach of Valhalla itself. You take his interruption as a sign to switch to Wagner, which was really necessary anyway because Die Götterdämmerung sums up all of your feelings about watching the light drain out of the eyes of your ambition.

Last night, you changed the password to your email because a hacker had gotten in. He (She? It? Ze?) was considerate enough to notify all your closest family, friends, and professors that you needed four-hundred dollars wired to an account in Yemen because you had found yourself stranded there after a top-secret study abroad trip gone awry. You do not remember your new password. You also do not remember the man you headbutted in the face because he grabbed your arm from behind. Paranoia, a handle of Svedka, and years of self-defense classes had prepared you for that moment. You do not remember jimmying open a friend's window to break into his house, although the chipped vampire stake in your purse is a gentle reminder of how you managed it.

By this point in your life, you are well-acquainted with sadness. It's your second-favorite mixer, after Cran-Grape juice, and it adds a certain *je-ne-sais-quoi* to every meal and every story. For years, you have accepted-- dare I say, cherished-- a particular breed of pain. It is the pain of wealthy white debutantes who have enough food, money, and designer nail polish to afford an exquisite deterioration of mental health. It is not a new subject, and TV shows like *Girls* bother you because it's nice to relate to something that completely, but you get nauseous at the thought of how unoriginal you really are.

People handle the emptiness in different ways. A couple of your friends take anti-depressants, which you would never consider because you'd rather face a future of disrepair and misery than feel nothing at all. Then there are the alcoholics and pill-poppers, and while it's probably safe to say that you lie among their watery ranks, you don't entirely belong there because you have carved yourself a much different niche: the existentialist. You embrace the stereotype of black berets and unfiltered cigarettes, and you lie awake at night thinking about the fulfillment of the Dionysian. You think it makes you intellectual and deep, but really it just gives you an excuse to not change a goddamn thing about your life because why would you want to? You've escaped the Nietzschean "herd;" you've risen above the mindless squabbling of unrepentant sheep.

And yet, you still get angry when Boy won't talk to you even though you sit across the lunch table from him three times a week. You still have little dents between your right thumb and forefinger from pinching yourself so that you don't cry when your friends tell you that you aren't funny. The profundity of your sadness, the depth of your self-knowledge, those things are supposed to protect you because they infuse you with a higher intent: the orchestration of your own demise. Despair has failed you. You carry with you air of self-righteousness and pretense that make you an easy target to the masses you wish to transcend. You cannot be funny because you cannot, for a single second, let go. Purpose consumes you, or your desire for it does. You are so busy grasping at any thread that will weave you a new god, you cannot understand that in order to do anything, you must destroy them all.

There is a saying in the anarchist community-- which you, par to course, are a part of-- that you have always liked: "No gods, no masters." You dragged your combat boot through the wreckage of the Catholic Church many years before, but despite your proud atheism, you still have gods. You worship Dionysus, you kneel at the alter of pain, and most of all, you have turned Love into the messiah. If there was a time when your little heart did not flutter at the thought of finding "the one," it has been a casualty in the fifteen year war waged between your bitterness and the unending spring of your hope. Your love for Love has been the one that has destroyed you most, and it is to blame for your existential melodrama. For all your talk of ressentiment and philosophical ennui, you are no better than the girl you see in English 295 texting under the desk with hands shaking from the horror of her own transgression of authority. You coddle the darkness because you want to know the light. You are waiting for someone to rush in, to swoop down and scoop you out of your pit of self-constructed agony. You want a man to save you, and though every feminist tendon in your body pulls away from that phrase, it's nice to be able to finally say it, isn't it?

He will never come. You may date men; you may even love them or marry them, but to leave the pit, you must climb out on your own accord. The only way to begin the climb is to smash the gods who have kept you prisoner there. You must construct yourself a new alter of Being. Your only idol will be the fact that, in that very moment, you are. If there cannot be peace in the foundations of your existence, you will never find purpose. You will never have purpose except to be that glorious mayfly: living in order to die. Love cannot sustain you, and the quest for its embrace is as empty and shallow as the word itself. There are people who love each other, but there is no Love except what we have written for ourselves.

It is time to end this. The sadness that you carry about with you, charming as you may find it to be, is only an offering plate in the temple of your unworthy masters. It is not enough to dispense with the offering; there must be a reckoning. The temple must be burned, and any that stay inside will die with their gods.//

Diablo Rojo

by Nathan Bemis




In the water,
it had jet propulsion.
It could get from place
to place
just like that, its graceful,
boneless body steered
by floppy, flexing fins.

It was meant to hunt.
I've heard stories of men
tossed overboard
stripped of flesh by beaks
and ribbons of teeth,
dragged into the crown of arms
and never allowed to leave.

It speaks.
Acute application
of internal pressure
spreads a blotch of red
across its surface,
a bloodstain appearing
then fading again
into smooth, pallid flesh.

Beached,
this monster speaks to me.
The red and white pulse
in erratic frenzy,
a storm of words I'll never know.
Does its flashing skin pronounce a curse?
Does fear grip its three hearts?
Does it beg
that I hold a once-lethal, now limp
appendage in my hand, and grip it
until it can stop screaming?



The logo features the word "Aubade." in a bold, italicized, black serif font. The text is contained within a white speech bubble with a thick black outline. The speech bubble has a tail pointing towards the top-left corner of the frame. The entire graphic is set against a dark gray background.

Aubade.